

INTER NOS

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Editorial

With the March number of *Inter Nos* we introduce Volume III, No. 1. As planned, the first and third numbers are made up, for the most part of contributions from the members of the faculty, with an article by an alumna. A prize winning essay, however, appears in this issue, for which space did not provide in the December number. The writer, Miss Teresa Hatsumi, is a member of the class of '51, and is majoring in English.

Our Quarterly fittingly opens with its outstanding contribution, a sermon delivered by Most Reverend Joseph T. McGucken, on the occasion of the celebration of the Mass for the commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph on October 15, 1650. *Inter Nos* appreciates the privilege of publishing Bishop McGucken's discourse.

Its tribute to St. Joseph may well sound again in this, St. Joseph's month of March, for he is the patron of the Congregation founded

under his direct patronage. The great St. Teresa of Avila said that she had never invoked St. Joseph in vain, nor shall we if we cultivate a loving devotion to him—the foster father of Jesus; the guardian Spouse of Mary, whose life in preparation and fulfillment was a perfect holocaust on the altar of their love.

We shall close this editorial with a clipping from Inter Nos of November 11, 1931, listed Volume VI, No. 2. It is a message from Mother Margaret Mary, the first president of Mount St. Mary's and is apropos today, as it was for the students of twenty-five years ago.

President's Message

For the occasion of the first appearance of INTER-NOS in the Fall Semester, I would say a word of encouragement to the editors and business managers, whose cheerful fidelity in the cause of Journalism, no less than that of school spirit, makes the paper an actuality.

To the Student Body at large, I would urge whole-hearted support of a project that brings credit to the college. I would urge that so many voluntary contributions be sent in, that the editor's waste basket would not hold the rejected manuscripts. I would urge, above all, that no student should be counted as an outsider, when the list of subscribers is posted. Show toward INTER-NOS the whole-hearted cooperation for which you are noted, and which is one of the greatest factors in making history for Mount Saint Mary's College.

SISTER MARGARET MARY

HYMN FOR HOLY THURSDAY

*O Word Who are before the Eternal Hills
O Splendor of the Father's glory dread
O Lamb of God Who bearest all our ills
We worship Thee, Our God, the Living Bread*

*O Son of God, O Mary's Son Divine
For our poor souls Thy precious blood was shed
Now bending low before Thy altar throne
We worship Thee, Our God the Living Bread*

*All hail, Most Holy! May Thy Kingdom come
May graces o'er a guilty world be spread
May all creation kneeling at Thy Feet
Proclaim Thee Christ, Our God the Living Bread*

(Chorus) *O Sacrament of mercy, Throne of Love
We worship Thee. We worship Thee
Our God, the Living Bread.*

S. M. D.

"Remember the Days of Old, and Think Upon Every Generation."

(Deut. 32:7)

Eulogy delivered by

The Most Reverend Joseph T. McGucken S.T.D.

*On the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the
Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph*

Almighty God, in the high serenity of His knowledge, sees the ages of the past eternally present before Him. He is the God of the Living and not of the Dead, and all things are alive in His sight. His servants and His Saints, centuries long gone, are present to Him and their deeds are eternal in His knowledge. Through His inspired word He admonishes us to "remember the days of old" and to "think upon every generation." He has made His Holy Church a treasury of great memories. Her Liturgy is a long sequence of anniversaries of the memorials of great souls and reminders of events which should not be forgotten.

For God and His Church, the foundation of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph is as of today. The high hopes of its founders and the holy destiny they visioned for their Community are always present in His sight. We, too, place ourselves in that Divine Presence as we gather to cherish the memories so precious to every Sister of St. Joseph, to thank the Divine Giver of Gifts for the blessing which this Foundation has been for us, and to renew the spirit of our minds with the ideals and the high hopes of its founders.

It is fitting, too, that we should gather for this solemn commemoration in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, because the holy Bishop who first established this Congregation was inspired by the friendship and example of St. Vincent de Paul to select for his Sisters humility and charity as their dearest virtues. They were first invited to California by a Vincentian, Bishop Thaddeus Amat. Another devoted son of St. Vincent de Paul succeeded in establishing the Sisters in Los Angeles—the greatly loved Father Meyer, the one time pastor at this parish whose memory is in benediction.

As we gather then in this noble temple not far from the spot of their first Foundation among us, we call up holy memories to enrich our soul and revive sweet recollections that strengthen us in our exile.

It is instructive to go back to the beginning of things to see if they are of man or of God. If they are merely of man they die, but if they are also of God they are deathless. Wherever they come from God we find that they have their Bethlehem in poverty, their Calvary in suffering, and their glorious Resurrection.

The Sisters of St. Joseph may regard as their Bethlehem the city of Le Puy in the lovely Valley of Loire. This ancient place, dominated by its Cathedral built upon a rock, was the Lourdes of the Middle Ages; a place of piety and pilgrimage; the nursing mother of numerous Religious Congregations. In that place a zealous Jesuit, Father John Paul de Medaille, with the support of the Bishop, selected and prepared a little flock for a religious life that would be contemplative yet active in the works of charity and teaching. Then, on October 15th, this day, three hundred years ago, Bishop Maupas du Tour gathered this group in the Chapel of an orphanage, which was to be their first convent, and invested them in the black habit of a new Religious Community.

A few years before, the Feast of St. Joseph had been made a Holy Day of Obligation. Devotion to the guardian of Our Saviour was enjoying a just but belated appreciation. As yet no Religious Community had been named for him. Therefore, the holy Bishop of Le Puy placed his new flock under the protection of the Foster-father of Our Lord and called them "Sisters of St. Joseph."

These simple events took place in a crucial period. England had been lost to the Faith. The Irish were being put to the test by Cromwell. The Protestant Revolt was already producing sects and divisions. Secularism had spread over Europe, and the Papacy was suffering great reverses. But the spirit of God was brooding over the earth. The decrees of the Council of Trent were beginning to bear fruit. Out of the Seminaries, Convents, and Monasteries, were coming glowing souls, radiant with the zeal and the love of the first Christians. The Catholic revival was under way.

In France, the eloquent voices of Bossuet and Bourdaloue were beginning to compel the attention even of the most unreligious. The hard spirited Jansenism had just been condemned. St. Vincent de Paul and St. John Eudes were living, and laboring mightily to enkindle love for the poor of the earth, and adoration for the pure and sacred things of Heaven, and St. Margaret Mary was being prepared by God for her mission.

Into the new world was advancing an army of missionaries conquering entire continents for Christ. St. Peter Claver was lavishing his love upon the slaves, in Cartagena. New York and Philadelphia had not yet been founded, but the act of religious toleration had been made law in the Catholic colony of Maryland. The Jesuit Martyrs had already sanctified the continent of North America with their blood. The Church had indeed been aroused into action, and the Catholic revival was beginning to bear flower and fruit.

The Foundation of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph was a part of this movement, and manifestly the work of Divine Providence. For nearly one hundred and fifty years it prospered

and spread through many dioceses of France and penetrated into Italy and Corsica.

Meanwhile the enemies of Christ were beginning to revive from the stunning blows of the counter reformation. The increase of secular learning was accompanied by a spiritual decline. The outbreak of the French revolution was the sign for the Sisters of St. Joseph to begin their sorrowful journey to Jerusalem and to Calvary. They were asked to take an impious oath. While others yielded through fear, they courageously refused the blasphemy. Their houses were confiscated, and the sisters were dispersed. Several of the sisters gave their lives in martyrdom for the faith, and many others were imprisoned. Among them was a heroic and steadfast soul, Mother St. John Fontbonne. The sentence of death was passed upon her, and the guillotine was prepared. The jailer announced, "Citizeness, it is your turn tomorrow." But God had other designs. That very day Robespierre fell. He was led to the guillotine and Mother St. John was free.

There were fifteen dark years when the community seemed dead and buried. But the light of a new Easter dawned, and there was a glorious resurrection. The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons called Mother St. John and gave her the opportunity to gather the scattered flock and begin again. Under his guidance she became the second foundress of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Again the community grew and prospered as the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons.

Years later, still under the direction of Mother St. John the community accepted the invitation of Bishop Rosati to come to St. Louis. In 1836 he established the sisters in the village of Carondelet, where a log cabin was their bedroom, kitchen and refectory. Again they were in Bethlehem. God blessed that humble beginning and prospered their labors through the years. Now the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet have five provinces in the United States, with 3500 nuns in twenty-seven dioceses, and with missions in the Hawaiian Islands.

It is now eighty years since they first made the trek to the West. First they took missions in Arizona, then San Diego and Oakland. Father Meyer, the great-hearted pastor of this parish of St. Vincent knew of their work, and through them he hoped to realize the fulfillment of his dreams for the children of his parish. Sixty-one years ago they accepted his invitation to come to Los Angeles and they founded the first St. Mary's Academy not far from this church today. St. Mary's Academy is the Motherhouse of the Western province, and the sisters of St. Joseph staff twenty educational institutions in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles alone.

On this day of joy and felicitation it is not enough to say that they are held in esteem and admiration by authorities in the field of education. The Sisters of St. Joseph are a consistent comfort to the

Archbishops and Bishops under whom they work. They are the unfailing joy of the priests in whose apostolate they are the indispensable helpers. They are beloved in the hearts of their students. Among us who are gathered here are many, who like myself, revere them as our first teachers. To them we are indebted for blessings which we can never hope to repay.

The Sisters of St. Joseph do not look to the lips of men for praise. They are genuine and holy religious who labor for the love of God.

Nor can we conceive that God is distant from the joy of this day. From His high blessedness He contemplates with pleasure numerous generations of Sisters of St. Joseph who surround His throne like a crown. He knows each one of them, for He called them all by name. He smiles upon them and He blesses them. And, from the earth He speaks to their hearts with the voice of love. The congregation responds with a swelling antiphon of renewed consecration, as every Sister of St. Joseph places her heart upon the altar beside the holy host, to be raised to God in an offertory of generosity, and to be sacrificed on the stone for His service.

The times in which we live cry out in need of holy and courageous nuns. These days are not far different from the time of Mother St. John. The powers that led her and her sisters along the Via Dolorosa are again in the ascendancy. We may be now on the road to Jerusalem and to Calvary. Although our faces are resolutely set towards the mountains whence comes our help, we feel around our feet an undertow, a subversive current carrying us back into a stormy sea of disorder and anarchy. Already we have drifted so far that only God can save us from the tempest. We place our trust in Him, and in the institutions which He has established for our salvation. Among them the Sisters of St. Joseph have a clear mandate to train an army of youth who will be the defenders of religion and the saviours of America.

This service is a work for truly consecrated souls, vowed and sworn to be loyal; prepared and ready to spend themselves and be spent that Christ may reign in the souls of children. Such a high office is not to be accomplished by instruction alone. The contents of the mind are sterile until they find the warmth of life in a generous will. The good religious must avoid the present danger of concentrating too much on material for the mind, and forgetting that there is a will to be trained in habits of generosity, piety and devotion. Her vocation is to bring the practice of the faith into the children's daily life, and make it live in every fibre of their being. This can be done only when you are possessed entirely by your heavenly spouse.

The benefit, then, that we hope and pray may be your jubilee gift from on high is the grace—the divine charisma—to fulfill the holy destiny for which God called each of you by name, to be the spiritual mothers of heroes, apostles and saints.

Art Appreciation and the Layman

By Robert J. Greenberg

Art education and appreciation are today seemingly as complex and confused as the character of our times. Concern and interest in them however, increase daily as more and more groups over the world become conscious of their aims and culture.

Despite the various opinions held, cultural differences, changing eras and epochs, art is the resultant dynamism of a growth which we see all about us today stretching back to our earliest archeological findings.

Whether value judgments, or recognition of art is based on its propaganda devices or its aesthetic appeal, historic fact, or functional application, the effect on contemporary life is broad and many faceted. That art for many is an enigma, where possibly it need not be, is an unfortunate situation. It does seem peculiar that art today as a distinct human enjoyment should be expected automatically to produce as pleasurable a yield, with little time invested on individual effort and study, as it does for those who exercise care and contemplation towards its understanding. Prejudice easily and quickly formed in a "hurry up" world, functions quite naturally as a time-saver for the viewer in picture galleries or art museums. Even more reprehensible is the attitude engendered by complete mental lethargy producing only a baffled wrinkle on the public's forehead. The modern culture device called "the critic" is readily and ubiquitously seen in print providing (with varying degrees of comprehensibility) his subjective projections for those interested and desiring to acquire intellectual parlor glibness. The artist, too, if he is not psychologically maladjusted, is all too often geared to assembly line production, and wields his forming processes with such speed that he loses his concern with an integrative, individual goal. He is attuned to the ephemeral commercial clairvoyance of the art dealer, or art director, or perhaps the individual armed with hasty and ill-formed taste and ready check book. The dual necessity on the part of the artist to earn a living and indulge his "will to form" cannot help, in a predominantly materialistic society, but reflect itself both in the quantity and quality of his product.

We experience chaos today as well as highly complex living patterns. Communication, research, huge natural resources have made all people neighbors, virtually inundating us with knowledge, difficult to assimilate, and with little opportunity for considered discrimination. Perhaps then it is no small wonder that the lay person pauses merely to wrinkle his brow confronted by the waste of human life and resource, and resorts to easily purchased pleasure requiring little effort to understand and enjoy. All this plus the

secular channeling of the large part of creative endeavor into a labyrinth of blind alleys makes the appreciation of art an almost hopeless morass of confusion and inaccessibility.

Laying aside the above somewhat generalized issues, is it then possible for the individual to find a coherent approach? Without intending further preachment or censure, I would say that in order to accomplish this intention, individual psychological resistance and inertia stemming from excessive materialism, must first be overcome—no small task under prevailing circumstances. Indeed there seems to be available little time for contemplation of any sort, much less that directed towards art appreciation. The failure of many people to comprehend is not based on a lack of native intelligence; the public is constantly insulted by muddled and insincere art attempts, if anything.

Advertising psychologists "so-called" consciously and purposely utilize message content in their ads based on thirteen-year-old intelligence. It is possible for art appreciation to illuminate the present formless state of the world and help make coherent reasoning power, aid in organizing physical and psychological needs, and provide a key for translating the artist's language to all who will look and listen. This I think, supersedes the more commonly used but nonetheless worthy justifications for the existence of art appreciation in the curricula of schools and colleges—that art evokes cultural refinement; can stimulate higher levels of human conduct; and implements an enlargement of knowledge—thus helping to eliminate intolerance.

The role of the art spectator through history might present further light. In the Middle Ages the art stimulus had as its common cultural value religious and ethical education. In contrast to the extent of present artistic limits, the artist's works were confined by rules extraordinarily severe in producing his depictions of biblical scenes on Church walls and altar decoration. In spite of, or because of these restrictions, the artist produced works that are unquestionable masterpieces. The people who came in contact with these works were seldom if ever at a loss to understand—even if the artist indulged the work with a slight amount of added color or detail elaboration. This was accepted along with the rest, as enhancement not as a perplexing departure from tradition. Contemporary art, while not lacking in enhancement or in many interesting methods, does lack an objective toward which many of its claims can adhere with convincing strength of purpose. It is this lack that makes it difficult to refute logically and successfully even the most vaunted or daring of these artistic claims. Prejudice inserts its disdain, and rather than waste time arguing the points or issues involved, the people are content to shove aside such theories and scorn them—concealing and betraying simultaneously their inability and reluctance to conquer them. Not so medieval man, illiterate as many

were, even the most uneducated knew the meaning and symbolism in a religious picture; each element within it, conveyed significant stimulus for interpretation.

In Italy the Renaissance effected the replacement of these values with the rediscovery of Greco-Roman art, pagan teachings and beliefs. Botticelli, for example, uses interchangeably the same type for Venus and the Blessed Virgin, and saints become allegorical Roman Gods. The philosophical and religious conflict found many no longer in rapport; some in revolt against the secular influx. The religious function of art became outmoded and gave way to the criteria of beauty. This developed parallel with the influx of new societal and economic systems due to greater wealth and scientific growth.

The Church is now not the only art patron; art works were commissioned by the opulent city dwellers—merchants, bankers, and princes. The hierarchy were careful in selecting between works used in the church and those which decorated their palaces. City life developing rapidly during these times, found that Art for the large masses of the still illiterate lost its hold on what had been the heritage of the Middle Ages. The educated and privileged minority came forth as an elite group which characterized the widening breach between the select and the vulgar. Subtle aesthetic theorizing was their chief concern so that eventually a complete gap and consequent loss of understanding on the part of the masses occurred. The Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries saw religious paintings virtually a thing of the past—losing their popularity almost entirely. The “new” art busied itself with depicting overly charming court scenes as well as a feudalistic propaganda device. The French and American revolutions with the consequent emergence of the bourgeoisie as the ruling class did little towards emancipating the art consciousness of the “lower classes”. Jacques David as head of the French Academy exercised the opportunity of attempting to initiate art reforms by forcing the artist to submit to his iron-willed dictatorship. He succeeded in cutting off any significant forward progress that the artists under his strict leadership may have aspired to, as well as curtailing the potential current of aesthetic appetite or comprehension by the masses. As in the Renaissance, the return to, classicism enforced by David, resulted in eclecticism.

Today the public has restrictions peculiar to the times just as in the other epochs. Biologically it is intrinsically the same public, born within the same primordial limitations. The difference is largely environmental. Cultural patterns and refinements are expressed in the mode of our time. Certainly contemporary man has not lost any potential for intuitive response or perception which by itself may open the lock to the door of art value. Talent and the gift for creative production is not given to all and is not a requisite for the natural and easily accessible delight in looking

at a sunrise or eye arresting landscape. Though it may be difficult to separate the wheat from the constant flow of eye offending chaff, there must, out of necessity for order and organization as opposed to chaos, be a drive to seek and maintain equilibrium. This requisite motivation provides a common denominator for all who find it, and not only challenges art done in poor taste, but the belief that war, economic upheaval, or disintegration is unavoidable.

Art provides universal symbols and has developed within itself a language of vision and optical communication as one of the strongest potential means for human orientation. It widens its range as art perception develops, presenting in its finer examples new outlets for pleasure and orientation. In order to arrive at an understanding of what the artist is trying to express, in whatever media he uses, the burden must be placed on the observer in following the artist's interpretation. Observing does not connote seeing only with the eyes, but feeling through them the artist's expressive intentions and ideas; the manifestation of environmental, spiritual, and material motivation which governed him. This emotional receptivity which I feel is essential to one's enjoyment does not require intensive study of the history of art, or aesthetics, but a familiarity with many art works and an open mind which embraces changing ideas.

All too often art appreciation and aesthetics, as explained or thought about, have confined themselves to theorizing in an idiosyncratic manner, or as a cultural interpretation, or again limiting their approach by dealing with the conventional emotions or sensibilities. Taken by themselves they are no better or worse than the "I know what I like" cult. I do not think that there is, or should be, any one formula which will enable the layman to acquire a path to art understanding. What I have stated here is only a partial attempt to explain that an attitude toward appreciation of art by the layman must educate itself to scan broad horizons, as well as attempt to adapt itself to ever changing conditions.

One Poet and Two Saints

By Sister Marie de Lourdes

The environment of childhood does much toward the spiritual development of every individual; in the case of Wordsworth this influence of nature seemed doubly strong. Born and reared in the Lake Country, he spent much of his time, through childhood and youth, up to mature manhood, in the presence of picturesque mountains and sheltered dales; of wild fells and rapid waterfalls "rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores." The religious love which Wordsworth had for nature is traced by him to those early associations when he mingled his "murmurs with the nurse's song" and the voice of the Derwent.

While the themes are educed from material, strangely commonplace and unpromising—bird-snaring, bird-nesting, a dark night and a stolen boat, skating, kitesailing, fishing, noughts-and-crosses and cards—there is associated with each of them something mysterious and spiritual, and awful, which appeals not only to the child but to the child grown-up.

Wordsworth was only "a five year's child," he tells us, when he explored "the woods and distant Skiddaw's lofty heights."

*"I . . . stood alone
Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport
A naked savage, in the thunder shower."*

There is enough mystery right here, not only to set the "smooth-lipped shell" vibrating against our ear, but to set the imagination on fire with excitement and emotion—a lofty Peak, alone on Indian plains, a naked savage in the thunder shower! But he tells us more than this. One bright frosty autumn night when "moon and stars were shining o'er his head" he went alone on the mountain slopes to examine the snares which had been set for woodcocks. As he found no captives in his own snares he, not without remorse, appropriated the game of another. "But," he says,

*"When the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod."*

Then he tells us the story of his experiences in the stolen boat one memorable summer evening. This time the stars were not bright; he could perceive them but dimly through a sky faintly gray. Before him fringing the horizon was a ridge of hills. A ridge of hills? But look!

*"A huge peak, black and huge
As if with voluntary power instinct
Uprears its head,*

and, as the boy rows from the shore, with measured step strides after him, "a living thing." The frightened lad turns quickly in his stolen boat and goes home, awed by the supernatural vision. Within him, he says, was a growing consciousness of a spiritual essence which was partly fear and partly joy.

In relating the skating incident Wordsworth informs us that what to his companions was a common joy was to him "a rapture." The polished ice, the echo of precipices, the tingling icy crags, the sound of the village clock—all had a special message for the young mystic.

But, like all mystics, he often retired from the "tumultuous throng" to commune with his loved nature. This early sensitiveness to the spiritual influence of nature is recorded vividly in the Prelude. He does not, like some nature lovers, retire of set purpose into the solitude to see what he can find there, but in an hour of quiet reflection, "something that of itself will come" will flash upon his imagination with a kind of glad surprise. "Behind all the shows of earth and sky he makes us feel there is some solemn Power and Presence to which our souls are kin." This love of the contemplation of Nature in solitude did not leave the poet when he bade farewell to his beloved native hills to enter the University of Cambridge. Feeling that "he was not for that hour nor for that place" he found time—or rather made time—to slip away from studies and companions to spend joyful hours with his old friends the rocks, the water, and the hills. In this he reminds us of that other mystic St. Francis of Assisi, who, Father Cuthbert in his *Life of St. Francis* tells us, in the wood within hail of his fellowmen, found what his soul delighted in—the companionship of Nature unspoilt by the artifices of man. He loved the music in the trees when the wind rustled in the leaves, and the piping of the birds, and the movement of some animal in the undergrowth. He loved, too, the lights and shadows and the wonderful growth of grass and trees. All these things seemed to him to be close to the heart of created life and to the hand of the Creator, and they warmed his heart and filled him with a great reverence. It was no strange thing to him that angels' voices should mingle with the voices of the wood in the Creator's praise. And who knows, that these voices were not the same that Wordsworth heard when he said, "There is a spirit in the woods;" or when he tells us that Nature ministered to him and gave him

*inward hopes
And swellings of the spirit and glimmering views.
How the immortal soul with God-like power
Informs, creates and thaws the deepest sleep
That time can lay upon her.*

And it is interesting to note the similar mystical reaction on these two kindred souls when each is undergoing an important change in his inner life. The beauty and simplicity of the morning scene which meets Wordsworth's view on his return home after a night spent in gayeties and pleasures inspire him to greater zeal.

Magnificent

*The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance: near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going to till the fields.*

And he exclaims:

*Ah! need I say, dear Friend, that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit.*

"It is the spirit of nature speaking to his soul through the beauty of the dawn. A bond unknown to him is given that he should be 'a dedicated Spirit'. . . . He seemed to be in the mighty grip of a moral Spirit seeking to snatch him away from a life of triviality and to dedicate him to her lofty service." And when that mysterious experience came to St. Francis which was to set indelibly the seal of his life's passion upon his body as it was already set upon his soul, his spirit was drawn to the rare atmosphere of Monte Alvernia, "where the silence is as the skies," and he too felt himself a dedicated spirit; he too knew that the aspiration of long years was receiving a fulfillment and that a new revelation was upon him.

Also in this intense love of nature, Wordsworth reminds us of another spiritual leader, St. Ignatius of Loyola, whom nature led to contemplation of Divine Love. Wordsworth says:

*I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with a joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.*

St. Ignatius in terse unadorned Spanish offers for the contemplation of Divine Love:

Mirar como Dios habita en las criaturas, en los elementos, dando ser, en las plantas vegetando, en los animales sensando, en los hombres dando entender: y así en mí, dándose ser, animado, sensando, y haciéndome entender. . . . Considerar como Dios trabaja y labora por mí en todas las cosas criadas sobre la faz de la tierra. . . . Mirar como los bienes y donas descendidos de arriba . . . así como sol descendiendo los rayos, de la fuente las aguas.

See how God dwells in his creatures, giving them existence, in the animals; in man giving him understanding; and in me giving me existence, courage and understanding. Consider how God works and labors for me in all the things created on the face of the earth; see how His blessings and gifts descend from above, as from above, as from the sun descends the beams, and from the fountain the waters.

It was the rosy tint of dawn that stirred the soul of Wordsworth; it was a mountain cleft in two that gave St. Francis a dim understanding of the mystery of his soul; it was a glimpse of heaven's blue that lifted the soul of St. Ignatius to the contemplation of Divine Love. But whether the "gleam of Nature" be seen by Poet, Monk or Jesuit,

It is always the mystical gleam; wherever we find the vision, it is the mystical vision; and the meaning that things have is a meaning for man, and it is an ethical and spiritual meaning.

The Art of Practicing

By Dr. Will Garroway

The word practice is both noun and verb and in the dictionary is given nineteen definitions and uses. A few, such as, "*a doctor has a good practice*," the much abused maxim, "*practice makes perfect*," and the admonition of parent to recalcitrant child to "*go to your practice*," have become everyday and almost meaningless clichés. However, a more specific and significant definition is the one used rhetorically and grammatically classified as an *ellipsis*. The phrase "*to put into practice*" condensed to the single word *practice* is an apt illustration of an *ellipsis*. Hence, *to put into practice* conveys the explicit meaning and is a pat reminder to *practice* what has been meticulously taught in the lesson, and is the first requisite and unbreakable tenet of honest and constructive practice. Secondly, the illusive function of cerebration, so seldom encountered in the average study hour, is indeed likewise the most cogent and indispensable ingredient required in the fine art of practicing.

Unfortunately, practice, to the not particularly successful pupil, is so often a time of more or less tantalizing torture or abject boredom. Also, practice in some instances can be an entire waste of time. Practice can be, to many, the insidious pastime of *unlearning* that which has been carefully or perhaps perfectly studied. And again, the practice time is frequently mere day-dreaming. "Practicing with one eye on the clock," carelessly running scales, or vacuously playing pieces, partially and inaccurately learned, is really not practice at all. Such a waste of time completely undermines and destroys that most precious acquisition of the artist, namely, that of *mental control during performance*.

But when practicing becomes honest preparation and routinized study, accurate habits of performance and technic are naturally formed. Even after a piece is finally learned, it must be practiced assiduously and *slowly* to better attain permanent security of thought and a surer and more accurate skill of performance.

Many quick, alert but confused students never learn to practice well; because of natural glibness, their first impressions of the page are far from accurate, entailing many hours of unnecessary corrections. Therefore their repetitious drudgery is entirely wasted.

Good practice is anything but pleasant to listen to, and almost impossible to attain in the average home or living-room. One should have seclusion and quiet for really beneficial practice. *Yet the art of concentration, when mastered, will eventually allow anyone to practice anywhere that there is a piano available.*

The insistence of the teacher for correct practice, although

patience-trying and time-absorbing, is the most pregnant factor in any successful teaching career. In the long run it pays off. It might seem to be a hopeless waste of time, but when the lesson is partly spent in outlining systems of study and routines of practicing, (insisting on thoughtful, careful and *slow* speeds at first) the student has for his companion in practice hour, *priceless* implements for attaining success and invaluable aids for procuring quicker, surer and definitely lasting results.

Faithful practice is an arduous task, but never a rancorous chore. It demands stamina, courage, patience and self-control, and to the earnest and ambitious student the results are unbelievably inspiring.

The most common delinquencies of practice are ungoverned tendencies to read hurriedly with consequent inaccuracy, to play *always at top speed*, and to give little or no attention to rhythm, TO SHUN COUNTING! When these faults are uncovered by the alert teacher they should be pointed out as stupid, and categorically be forbidden.

Impatience, self-condemnation, rebellion, dissatisfaction and loss of temper are all states of mind resulting from a lack of discipline in study or more often from inadequate preparation.

Piano-playing is a most complex series of mental and physical simultaneous functions. Singing is also involved and subtly complex, because of its interrelation of the emotional with the physical and the auto-mechanical. And both arts are dependent on intelligent preparation.

There is a current notion that success arrives by playing a piece "*up to time*" thousands of times, conveying the false and forlorn hope that such hours of unappetizing drudgery will eventually bring forth a thing of wonder and beauty! This fallacy has never, in the history of piano-playing, brought anything to the student but frustration, agonies of fear, torturing stage-fright, and failure. Only slow careful preparation can produce the subconscious control for eventual speed and accurate skill. The slow cumulative mastery of each subsequent phrase might seem to be unendingly tiresome, but paradoxically it is the only sure and actually quick way. Ask any artist!

A sure, self-controlled and confident performance is always the result of careful and thoughtful preparation, and whenever such a performance is witnessed, no matter whether it is given by celebrity or amateur, it is the inevitable and natural result of *mastery in the ART OF PRACTICING*.

Memories

By Sister M. Dolorosa

It was Sunday April 12, 1931. Word had come that the faculty of Mount Saint Mary's College were to leave for the Mount, by bus at 1:45. Preparations had been in progress for some time, but the date for our departure from St. Mary's Academy seemed to come upon us suddenly. Sister Generosa, Sister Rosemary, Sister Gertrude Joseph, Sister Ursula, Sister Rose de Lima and I gathered in the community room waiting for the word that the bus was ready. The community went to the chapel for the recitation of the Office, thinking to see us off later in the afternoon. Scarcely had they gone when the portress came saying, "Sisters get your suitcases down. Everything else is in the bus. I hope there will be room for you to sit somewhere."

The bus was at the school entrance, so after a brief visit to the Chapel to ask the blessing of the "Master of the House" we left for our new mission.

In those days, a fictional character called Mrs. Buttermilk, was well known for her habitual excess baggage. Well, she would have lost her status, had her creator been present to see our bus. Several pieces of baggage for each of the Sisters, boxes of books, and note books, some bedding. I recollect that a pillow was sticking out the window and a mattress had been hastily stuffed in, in case of an emergency.

Trucks loaded with furniture, barrels of dishes, trunks, and other necessities had been going up during the past week, but our bus was carrying last minute pick ups as well as its passengers. As classes were to open the following day, and some of our thirteen resident students were returning from their Easter vacation that night, we and the dishes had to be there to receive them.

We drove up Bundy Drive into Boehme Canyon (then so-called) up to the abrupt turn at the valley end of an unpaved Chalon Road, which bulldozers had cut out of the mountain. The graders considered it remarkably wide for a mountain road,—“Forty feet,” they said.

The road terminated at the top level, where stood the residence hall alone, facing two unplanted terraces and a wide cleared area, its mountain top lopped off, strewn with shale and uncleared plaster from the building. It looked up to the water storage tank on the hill top above.

When we first arrived the regular couches, being made to order had not arrived. When they did come, two of St. Marys' men came up to move them to which ever story they were to go. Sister Gen-

erose volunteered to supervise. Sister, two couches and boys got into the elevator. As they reached different levels one or other boy got off with his couch. When both had left and neither appeared again, the "supervisor" went in search of her "helpers". She found each "Husky" resting on his couch, overcome with the fatigue of moving. Sister, by the way, had strength to persevere on the job, until the couches were in their proper rooms.

Sister Gertrude Joseph recalls that the refectory tables were also undelivered and that the sisters took some of their earliest meals perched on laboratory stools, grouped around the dish washer. The night of that first Sunday, she was startled and disturbed in her supper, by hands pressed against the window panes and faces peering through them. Curious autoists and neighbors had arrived to see what was going on.

About a week after our arrival, something happened deserving a grateful remembrance. It was our first Sunday on the Mount and our community, nine in number had all arrived, a car drove up to the lower level, then the kitchen, studio, and library entrance. Several large cartons were delivered to Mother Margaret by the driver from St. Vincent's Hospital. In them was a note from Sister Mary Ann and Sister Cecelia, both for many years, respective superiors of St. Vincents' Hospital, and Los Angeles Orphanage, on Boyle Heights. Parenthetically, may the present needs of the orphanage, find ample and generous contributors toward the erection of a new building.

The note said that the senders wished to provide our first Sunday dinner on the Mount, as they knew the difficulties of moving into, and getting settled in a new building. The note was signed by Sister Mary Ann and Sister Cecelia.

Not only was a Sunday banquet provided but supplies that lasted a week. There were roast chickens, Hormel hams, home-made bread, rolls, bread and butter pickles, jellies and preserves, for which Sister Mary Ann and an able assistant were famous. These two good sisters—our friends—possessed a deep spirit of charity, which we feel is now adding to their eternal happiness, for they, as well as some of our college pioneers, have gone on before us.

Another Sister of Charity, Sister Teresa, who received her degree from our college, gave us our first little sanctuary lamp.

There were no houses at that time in the valley. The home of Mr. Peter Brown and family was on its present site and one other house. Their entrances were from the east valley so that any lights traveling up the Bundy Drive area, were coming to the college, or were sight seers taking advantage of our newly cut road to view the panorama of city lights from a higher vantage point.

We had a cook, so-called, engaged in part, for her representations of her success and experience as a baker, volunteering to bake bread, rolls, pies and cakes, in sufficient quantities to supply St. Marys, as well as the college. We anticipated the pleasure it would give us to send these freshly baked foods to the Academy. The sequel proved otherwise.

Our little Chapel was a lovely thing. The two second floor bedrooms had been left with out a partition to provide for a temporary chapel, a small white wooden altar was backed by a curtain on which Sister Ignatia had stencilled liturgical symbols. Small ivory statues of St. Joseph, the Blessed Virgin and the Sacred Heart graced the altar. They were given by Reverend Mother Agnes. The framed pictures for the stations were tiny but very devotional and there were sixteen priedieu, there was not room for pews. These with a small portable organ formed our chapel furnishings.

The statues are now at our Chapel entrance. Our present stations are enlarged photographs of our former ones, colored in oil by Sister Ignatia.

Our first Mass was offered on April 7, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Cawley, V. G. who through the years has continued his interest in the college.

Mother Margaret Mary the first president of Mount Saint Marys, Mother St. Catherine her assistant, and Sister Lillia Francis the bookkeeper, who had moved in the day before were present for this great occasion. Mother Elesia, the Provincial, was also present. Following the Mass, Msgr. Cawley blessed the house.

Our first chaplains were Rev. Ermin Vitry, O. S. B., soon followed by Rev. P. J. Madden S. J. and Rev. Robert Shepherd S. J., whose faithful attendance is remembered with gratitude by the Sisters of St. Joseph. This gratitude still continues to the good Jesuit Fathers—chaplains of the present—and to Rev. James O'Reilly, chaplain of resident students.

Before passing on from memories of our well loved little chapel, we must not forget the Sunday morning evictions, when the Sisters moved into the hall whose doorway faced the altar, in order to permit the boarders to be present at Mass.

Our first employees, consisted of a cook, mentioned before, and a family, father, mother and son, Louie. Father was the engineer and overseer, Mother kept our one building in perfect order, and Louie ran the little bus—a present from St. Marys.

In those days had Louie been in the movies, he might have been termed a "sheik". Movie parlance since then has changed. This bus driver had dark curled hair, and a brilliant complexion.

Sometime in the course of our acquaintance his Mother let slip that Louie's hair was red, but he didn't like straight red hair. A beauty parlor remedied these defects and when we knew him his dark marcelled curls were set off by a complexion rouged to help nature. Louie loved perfumes. Sister Rose de Lima recalls that once as he passed someone murmured, "O the smell of that jasmine flower."

One sad day "Pater familias" and "Mater" as well, pitying Louie whose social duties had considerably shortened his night's sleep, could not find heart to arouse him in time to call for the chaplain, so "Pater" took his own little Ford. Darkness and a wet road were cruel, and somewhere on Centinella, the Ford skidded, turned turtle, and its driver suffered a back injury which kept him hospitalized for months. Through our employees' insurance plan, we saved ourselves from bankruptcy, but had to part with the family of Louie. Martin came soon after, possessing less, perhaps, of glamor, but more stability and a knowledge of engineering.

And now our first cook! While we, eight of us unpacked and washed dishes—thousands of them it seemed like—she, arming her head with a towering paper bag, in lieu of a white cap, had nothing to do but cook for a household of twenty and keep the kitchen in order. None of these things did she do. At noon time of our first class day we and the resident students, gathered for lunch. Sister Lillia Frances provided a cafeteria for the forty-five day students. We went first to serve the girls and found that the cook, having made five pies, had not had time to prepare the lunch. Afternoon classes were late that day, as faculty members tied themselves to lunch making.

Another characteristic of our cook was her fondness for what she called "soup stock". She kept a pot of it constantly on the back of the stove. On one day, she must have made the first "batch" or "mess" of soup, whichever is the correct term. Ever after she added to the same, day by day, until the hygienic properties of the soup came to be suspected and rejected.

This cook's tenure was short, she slipped on the kitchen floor (our fault of course) broke her ankle, and caused us to dip into our insurance. Thank God we had it!

About a month after the opening of the college, several of us noticed in the night a faint sound as of grains of sand blown against the windows by a wind storm. As winds were with us even then, no one seemed to have paid much attention, until, rising at five next morning, and drawing back our curtains we found the tiles white with snow, and the ground a wonderful white sheet. It was three inches deep and lasted for several days.

Naturally great excitement reigned. Some of the girls had never seen snow at close range, so classes were deferred for an hour after

bus arrival, while students climbed the hill to the tank to view the charming winter scene in May. Others played snow ball and made a four foot snow man which, placed in a sheltered corner, remained with us for several days. True to life, some students, ignoring the winter sports huddled around the radiator.

You have heard, perhaps, of Sister Celestine's recital, but we shall repeat. About the second or third Sunday after the opening on the Mount, Sister Celestine had the wild idea that a recital would make the place better known to the public. She and Sister Ignatia were on the faculty, but did not reside at the college, for the remainder of that semester; they, Sister Winifred and Sister Timothy commuted. That was before Sister Timothy opened her kindergarten, a subject worthy of a volume of its own. Invitations for the recital were sent out, and all was in readiness.

On the preceding night rain fell in torrents, which washed watery streams of clay across the normally good shale road. The road was not paved. We had no money for paving, as we were saving all we could to pay a small lay faculty, and our grocery bills. Later, Mrs. E. L. Doheny's generosity helped pave the road.

On Sunday afternoon the rain stopped intermittently, and we sat on the deck watching for an audience for the recital. Cars came up for a time, and then we saw them turning back near the entrance gate. Sister Celestine strained her eyes to discover the cause, and saw that an old friend had run her car into the bank, and was waving at all oncomers to turn back before a similar fate overtook them.

She was a notoriously poor driver, but most generous, and some took their lives in their hands and occasionally asked her assistance. You know, at first we had a bus but no car, so transportation was spaced to the bus hours, or borrowed from kind friends.

"The recital must go on!" Sister Celestine emphasized. Making herself a traffic cop, she rushed down the hill, rebuked the impediment and with the help of two gentlemen of the hoped-for audience, removed it. If I remember correctly the driver, thinking "discretion the better part of valor" returned home, sacrificing the musical treat on the heights. After that all went well.

Commencement exercises of that first June on the Mount, found fifteen lay students ready for degrees. There were a like number of Sisters. The ceremony took place with the priests and lay men of the faculty seated on the front porch, the graduates and students in chairs, on what is now the walk and grass plot leading to the music rooms, and the audience on the upper and lower levels, where ever they could find room.

Mother Rosemary, now our Provincial, and Mother Ursula with

Mother Margaret, from their strong sense of humor, could supply other incidents were they present before this copy goes to press. They may provide, for a future issue.

A never to be forgotten event of early days, happening in 1935 was a benefit barbecue. Its managers had been advised to get professionals to care for the pit, barbecuing, and accessories, as sauce, beans etc. Barbecuers were found, and all was left to their "tender care", except for clearing away bushes, setting up tables and chairs, providing dishes, table ware and such trifles. In addition the college was to supply entertainment. By that date, the bowl had been evolved from a section where the road, after a heavy rain collapsed with a mighty thud, during the night. Home talent gardeners, directed by Mother Margaret and Sister Lillia, terraced the ruin most creditably, and built a small stage. "Carmelita" a play about early California Mission Life, had been prepared to follow the barbecue. The natural flora of the bowl provided an attractive setting for the costumed Monks and Indians. A Mission bell rang out from among the bushes. All was in readiness, as far as the program could provide. Its first feature was the dinner. The guests proved too numerous for rapid service, the beef was cold and much of it burned to a crisp. The sauce and beans were edible. Remains of these were taken away by the barbecuers, the meat remained, huge chunks of it. It could well have been buried in the yawning pit in which it had been burned.

The afternoon had by this time grown very cold, and as "Carmelita" appeared, so also did a fog—the rolling kind—now here, now there. At times it rolled between the audience and the actors blotting them out from view. Men sat on auto steps wrapped in auto robes, women more hardy, bravely strove to see the performers through the mist. Darkness was falling as the plucky young actresses finished their lines. There was no curtain to fall. There was no need for one. "A Barbecue Benefit!" Pleasurable in anticipation. Calamitous in realization.

Though not a recollection of earliest days we shall close with the memory of the erection of our Chapel, Mother Margaret's and Mother Killian's pet project.

When the chapel walls stood ready for the pouring of the concrete roofing under the tiles, Mr. Joe McNeil, our contractor mounted the roof and stayed there all night, saying that, once starting to pour they must continue or the concrete would get cold and the roof would leak. They stayed and the roof does not leak.

He sent his foreman with money and the request that the Sisters would make sandwiches and coffee for the men doing the night shifts. I forget how many baskets we filled, but we worked steadily until midnight.

Shortly after this the war came to us. Some of the neighbors became hysterical and one woman phoned "I just love your chapel, but would you mind painting it black?" Another less friendly, yet hysterical gentleman (?) said "Your Chapel tower sticks up like a sore thumb." Another female called up, "We shall notify the police if you do not keep your lights turned out." By this time there were sixty boarders and it was a task to help them remember not to use their lights.

Shortly after, came what shall be the climax of these memories. I saw a motor cycle coming up the hill, two weird dimmed blue lights guiding it.

"Ah," I thought, "She *did* call the police, I shall slip out and meet them, so that the sisters will not be annoyed."

I got to the lower level, before anyone noticed. The visitor I found to be a young delivery boy.

"I have a telegram for Victoria McCabe." I tried to take it, but he would not surrender it. By this time Victoria and her friends, roused out of darkened rooms appeared on a lightless deck.

"I am Victoria McCabe, please deliver my telegram," she called down.

By this time the sisters had gathered, and while one held a small flash light, a changing, boyish soprano piped out, "Happy birthday *TO* you!"

The Chant of the Liturgy

By Marguerite Biggs Cromie, An Alumna

Ecclesiastical chant is "prayer sung." The Chant is composed of two elements—the text and the melody. Of these the text is the more important, for without it there would be no liturgical chant. The texts are taken from Sacred Scripture either directly or indirectly. The melody interprets the text. In Plain Chant, so called because of its free rhythm which definitely distinguishes it from all measured music, there are eight modes. Each of these depicts a different theme, e. g. joy, sadness, fortitude.

The "Motu Proprio," issued by Pope Pius X in 1903, discusses music in its relation to liturgy. It is a "reproof and condemnation of all that is out of harmony with the decorum and sanctity of the House of God." By this is meant that a suitable melody possesses holiness both in itself and in its presentation. For the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass we must choose that music which can add to the beauty of the ceremony. In all things pertaining to church music of the present day we must keep in mind the dominant fact explained in the "Motu Proprio": that sacred music is the "hand-maid of the text"; that it subordinates the Great Sacrifice; that its sole purpose is to clothe the text with suitable melody.

When we consider the basic idea of music in connection with the liturgy we come to realize what it was that the old friars had in mind when they used the ever-beautiful chants. In these chants they had found a perfect interpretation of the words of scripture.

Through her music more over, the Church supplies us with a key to the different degrees and qualities of feeling which distinguish one season from another. It teaches us not only when, but how she mourns; not only when, but how she rejoices; in example, the single word "Alleluia"—it is music alone which conveys the commentary on the text and conveys the difference in quality between the joy of one season and another from the humble tones of the Alleluia of Holy Saturday through the crescendo of joy to Pentecost.

Little wonder why Gregorian Chant is the supreme model whereby all other sacred music is judged. Within it are found all the qualities of an ideal musical praise of God. Having all these splendid means for the perfection of Divine Worship at our very finger tips, why is it that we hear so few of the chants sung, and sung correctly? Let us, personally, carry out the wishes of Mother Church by cultivating a better understanding of and a greater devotion to the Chant of the Liturgy.

A Message from France

A letter written by Murielle Rheaume,

one of the class of '49, a French major, who received after graduation a fellowship to teach English at a French lycee at Chartres. Besides her teaching, she is also studying at the Sorbonne, hoping to receive her doctor's degree from that university.

*Chateau de Condillac
November 4, 1950*

DEAR SISTER ELOISE THERESE,

Mother wrote that she met you at the Mount on October fifteenth. The day must have been a happy one for the Sisters. The Tidings carried a justifiably long account of the history of the Order, and I was so excited to see the Mount again through a camera's eye.

The site of the chateau reminds me a great deal of that of the college, but without a view of the ocean. We are in the picturesque valley of the Rhone where the powerful mistral blows. The ruins of time, as well as centuries of war, are prevalent in this section of France; old fortified villages with their castles and chapels cling to the hillsides—examples of squalor and riches living side by side. Although the climate resembles that of California, there are no citrus groves, but vineyards, a few olive trees, and, of course, wheat or alfalfa fields. The countryside is forever changing color as the farmers work their land or harvest their crops. Living here, and with the help of Pesquedaux' *Livre de raison*, I am beginning to feel the peasant's love for his land and the weight of tradition that characterizes his every move.

The d'Andignes are one of the oldest French noble families, and unlike many at this time, have sufficient lands and income to maintain their five-hundred acre estate as well as an apartment in Paris, with a suitable domestic staff. They are charming, unpretentious people who have travelled extensively. The fourteen year old daughter is now "en pension chez les Dominicaines," while the seven year old tot attends the village school in the morning and works with me in the afternoon to keep up with her Paris studies. A twelve year old boy was killed in 1945 while playing with a hand grenade. The Count was taken prisoner by the Nazis for his underground work here, and was eventually sent to Buchenwald. However, he seems to have recovered fully. While he was away, the Countess stayed here with the children, bicycling some ten to twenty miles in all sorts of weather for the necessary provisions. The hill is much like the one leading up to the Mount, and is no fun climbing with or without a bicycle.

After the landing of the Americans in Normandy, a group was billeted here, five days before the Germans were scheduled to arrive.

There was heavy fighting, as bullet-ridden or destroyed farms still testify. For the most part the Americans made many friends, and maintained a good reputation during those war years.

On an unusually hot summer day, we went for a dip in the Mediterranean where I saw at close range one of the landing beaches. The quiet little fishing town of Saintes-Maries was transformed by black houses along the shore and huge boulders, blocking the view of the sea from the roads. However, the village must be accustomed to invasions, as the large church is one of the few left that were constructed to serve as fortresses, as well as houses of God. Camargue is famous for its bull raising, and is a flat, wind-swept, low shrub, lonely country. Several men have been exploiting the land by raising rice these past few years. Their attempts may bring riches to the delta.

To avoid the tourist traffic, we by-passed Avignon on the way down to the coast, but I hope to see the famous city, as well as Arles, next Thursday when we get the family supply of olive oil, the basis for all cuisine provinciale. Before returning to Paris, I would like to tour a part of the Cote d'Azur, being so close to it, and to drink in as much sunshine as possible before spending the remainder of the winter beneath the gray, rainy skies of the capital.

I did get a glimpse of Brittany in September when we spent a fortnight with the children's "Granny" at her eighteenth century chateau at Craon—a masterpiece of the quiet, graceful architecture of the period, with a garden "à la française" surrounding two enormous pools (for fish only, unfortunately). The countryside is gay with dark green apple trees dotted with bright red fruit. On the way, we also visited the lovely Chenonceaux where I stood aghast at the intricate work on the ceilings. Because the place has always been inhabited, it has been better preserved than many other castles. What fun it would be to live there and to fish one's lunch from the kitchen window. My American sense of appreciation wouldn't be too welcomed by any Frenchman, I fear. The cathedrals of Bourges and Moulins were also on the itinerary. Before leaving Craon, we visited several privately owned chateaux in the region, varying in state of reconstruction or disintegration, depending on the family inheritance or the interest of the Beaux-Arts. The latter institution has a complicated procedure of subsidizing repairs on buildings considered historically or architecturally valuable.

Since Rennes was so close, Oneida, the older daughter and I spent a day exploring the quaint streets lined with oddly-shaped houses, which contrast strikingly with the newly-built edifices. The painstaking construction of the churches is breath taking, as some of them seem beyond repair. The cathedral was a disappointment, only because I expected the interior to be similar to other French masterpieces like Chartres or Bourges. However, its warm, dark splendor was aglow that day during a High Mass for two newlyweds. Crystal

chandeliers lighted the murals and the gold trimmings. I thought that I was in an Italian church once more.

The fifteen days at Easter time were far too short to spend in Italy. Nevertheless, under the competent guidance of the Franciscans, and the English professor at the lycee, we made a pilgrimage with some thirty other French Catholics. Naturally, we spent several days at Assisi, and walked along the holy grounds of Giotto, and the Portiuncula. My head was in the clouds for weeks. Our day at Naples and Pompeii, although begun seriously by Mass at Our Lady of Pompeii, was slightly on the gay side, everyone being affected by the inevitable spirit of "Napoli."

Another pilgrimage that was almost as inspiring was one made to Ars. The fervor and simplicity of the village and its inhabitants are immediately felt. While there, I met an English priest whose parish was St. John Vianney near London. Father served as guide, I, as interpreter. Through him, I met the present Curé of Ars who gave us permission to take *ex carne* relics of the Saint, providing that they were for our parishes. However, my one difficulty is keeping it until I can take it personally to the Mount. I am hoping that someone will pass through France soon.

I was hoping to see a few of the girls on their way to or from Paris this summer, but I left Paris at about the time that they were scheduled to arrive there. Several alumnae, as well as a good number of actual Mount students made the trip, as I understand, with the Archbishop's tour. Of course, I would have liked to talk to Mary Dolores Buckley. Sad to say, I have written few letters so I receive news mostly second-hand. Therefore, I am still wondering if Doc is now teaching and where. According to Azilda, she was greatly pleased with her trip. With her credential and traveling experience, she should merit an enviable position.

As for my work, yes, oddly enough, I am studying in between jaunts hither and yon; it is a gradual process, not so rapid as if I could devote full time to the research. Professor Dedeyan of the Comparative division at the Sorbonne is my director. He has charge of a good number of students; many, such as I, sought Professor Carré who is swamped with work. Thus we were delegated to his able co-worker. I haven't seen him since July when he was ready to leave on a lecture tour of the United States. Unfortunately my free hours did not correspond to his class hours, but certain hours were free for consultation at his home. Slightly different from the American technique, *n'est-ce pas*, Sister? The subject for my Doctorat received approval shortly after Christmas: "L'Education de la jeune fille selon les romans français et américains de 1900 à 1914." It entails a great deal of reading, but the period is absorbing as a gradual change in education was taking place at that time. Because many of the novels have not been re-edited, they have been

difficult to locate. However, the Countess has been exceedingly helpful in discovering libraries where I have unearthed some books. Others have come from a friend who runs a rare-book store.

In my spare moments I have delved into the excellent library here at the chateau where one can find most of the French literary masterpieces as well as representative English classics and well-selected contemporary works. The French are more avid readers than the Americans, on the whole. Instead of reading a magazine or newspaper on the bus, many read books; a sight that is rare *chez nous*. If my observation is accurate, they write more letters than we, and conversation is a real art! The latter has to be, as many see each other every few days, and there is rarely anything catastrophically new to tell, except that yesterday's rain brought out an army of snails and salamanders!

I think that I forgot to mention how I happen to be here. Not knowing whether I would stay another year, I decided to work a little this summer, thereby saving as much as possible to meet any needs this winter. Thus I came as "institutrice" for these two girls that is, helping Oneida with her summer studies and speaking English now and then, as well as supervising the tot's program, teaching her history, geography, Bible history and catechism until our return to Paris. I am more of a big sister, being considered one of the family. The main responsibility at the moment is staying with Beatrix while her parents are away. Such a position is sought after quite frequently by English girls wanting to perfect their French. My mornings are free for study as well as evenings after dinner which is always quite late. Bedtime for the little one is usually nine o'clock after coffee in the drawing room. I have about two hours of uninterrupted study in the afternoons while Beatrix takes her after dinner nap. Being with a family, enables me to experience French life of another type, and, more appreciably, to study without worrying about the rising prices, or hunting for scarce articles—all on the salary—limited salary, of a fellowship.

We were to return to Paris about the first of October, but a mission planned for December is delaying us. If it had not been for the numerous books available at Montelimar, I would have had to leave for Paris. Classes at the Sorbonne begin this month; I do hope that I can attend more this year. No doubt, there will be as many, if not more Americans enrolled as last year. Have any other language students been tempted to spend their Junior year abroad or to do post-graduate work. There must be a true international spirit on campus with so many girls having come over for the Holy Year. I do hope that they were serious enough to take back accurate impressions of conditions, and that they took time to speak to the people.

If Pi Delta Phi plans a French dinner some evening, perhaps you could suggest Taix restaurant, Sister. It is located in the heart

of Los Angeles, but will have a new site soon, I believe. The reason for my mentioning the place is that while on the way to Ars, Oneida and I stopped at a small cafe across from the railway station at Villefranche to wait for the rain to stop, so that we could pedal the five kilometers to Ars. The girl who served us a soothing glass of white wine asked if I were an American, as she glanced at my suitcase. By coincidence her cousins are also from Los Angeles, and had just left after a few months tour of the Continent. The mere fact that I, too, was from the same city excited Mademoiselle Pratt and her family, so that they insisted that we stay for refreshments and for a chat. They really spoiled us with Southern hospitality. Then Mlle. Pratt accompanied us to Ars where she introduced us to the hotel keeper.

There has been so much to glean from the experiences which I have had since I have been here, Sister, and Our Blessed Mother's hand seems to have guided me in friendships, and all that will make my stay more fruitful. Although the chapel is just beneath us, Monsieur le Cure comes up only on Sundays and holydays, so daily Mass and Holy Communion have not been possible this summer. A Canadian Oblate Father I met at the Sorbonne is a real friend and adviser these days. His wishing that he had two more years to devote to his thesis raised me out of the depths. The hardest moments are holidays away from home when I wonder if it's worth the homesickness—then I plunge into another book! The Korean incident seemed so desperate a few weeks ago that I thought that I would have to board the first ship home. The "Figaro" and the "New York Herald Tribune" keep the public fully informed. News of politics and events at home are sometimes more detailed than in the American papers. Indo-China and German rearmament occupy the French more than anything else except rising prices and scarcity of articles. No doubt, workers are waiting until winter to make life uncomfortable by striking for higher wages, thus cutting the supply of light, water, electric power and transportation.

This seems like a badly composed annual report, doesn't it, Sister? There is so much to tell—what will my conversation be like! I am trying to make the most of my studies and experiences. Would you please remember me to all the Sisters. May you have a joyous Christmas and enjoy many blessings throughout the New Year. After January the address will be: 44. rue du Bac, Paris VII. Love,

MURIELLE

William Grant Still

By Sister M. Celestine

The name of William Grant Still is not unknown to students and faculty of Mount St. Mary's College, as on several occasions he has lectured at the Summer Session. Yet I feel that an article concerning the achievements of this outstanding musician will be of interest to the readers of Inter Nos.

Before speaking of his musical genius, I must pay tribute to both Mrs. Still, who writes under the name of Verna Avery, and to Mr. Grant Still as outstanding Americans. Both have wholeheartedly given their utmost to counteract the effects of communistic propaganda directed especially to their own people, the Negro race. Needless to say both have suffered not only financially, but more bitterly by misunderstanding.

William Grant Still was born in Woodville, Mississippi, and educated at Little Rock, Arkansas, at Wilberforce University, and at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. He studied privately with George W. Chadwick and Edgar Varese on scholarships made possible by their generosity. He learned to orchestrate by playing many instruments, among them the violin, 'cello, and oboe, in professional orchestras and by orchestrating for W. C. Haddy, Paul Whiteman, and other outstanding orchestral leaders. For several years he arranged and conducted the *Deep River Hour* over CBS and WOR.

He became the first colored man to conduct a major symphony orchestra in the United States when in 1936 he directed his own compositions in the Hollywood Bowl. He is a member of A.S.C.A.P., and the League of Composers; the recipient of extended Guggenheim and Rosewald Fellowships; of the honorary degree of Master of Music from Wilberforce University, 1936. He received the degree of Doctor of Music from Howard University, 1941, and of Doctor of Music from Oberlin College, 1947. He was the first American Negro to have a full length grand opera produced by a major opera company in the United States. His *Troubled Island* was produced at the New York Center in 1949. This opera is based on Haitian history. His latest opera is *Cotasco* and is derived from historical events of New Mexico. One of the most beautiful themes in this is his use of the "Ave Maria." A beautiful work which we have all heard played by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra is "*In Memoriam: The Colored Soldiers who died for Democracy.*"

William Grant Still has a full page article in the *Pittsburg Courier* of November 11, 1950, which graphically describes the combat which Negro composers have had to wage during the past fifty years in order to emerge from the idea that they were talented in folk music only, or as theatrical entertainers. Now they have reached the point

where they are considered interpreters of serious music. The singing of Marian Anderson and the works of some of the serious Negro composers are becoming known through world wide symphony concerts.

In his article in *The Courier*, Mr. Still says that Dr. Harry T. Burleigh was one of the most important pioneers. He was one of the first to harmonize spirituals in such a way as to retain their natural simplicity and at the same time to enhance the qualities which made them universally loved. So, when on a concert tour of Europe he sang for King Edward IV on two occasions, he felt that he had made a contribution toward friendship between nations. When A.S.C.A.P. was founded in 1914 one of the first charter members was Harry F. Burleigh. That is not all. Anton Dvorak's famous *Symphony of the New World* has been said to have demonstrated first, to music lovers everywhere, that the Negro spiritual could be used successfully in symphonic music. Dvorak, a Czech composer, did not absorb the Negro idiom by accident. It was due to none other than Burleigh, who was then Dvorak's young pupil and sang spirituals to his master by the hour so that he could listen and learn from them.

When Percy Grainger played R. Nathaniel Dett's "Juba Dance" in many of his concerts, the work of another pioneer composer was brought to wide attention. Much of Dett's talent was expended in writing for choral groups, in which field he excelled. A review of his music discloses that he was a musician of dignity, capable of interesting both colored and white audiences.

To quote further from Mr. Still's articles, speaking of his own struggle for recognition, "the serious Negro composer in addition to fighting bias must also struggle against the apathy of the average people who are impressed only by wealth and glitter, against the people who are so steeped in the European tradition that they do not want to hear any American music, and last, but much more harmful, the Leftists who become dangerous when they can not make use of colored artists. Among other distressing situations the door to adequate recordings of our music has been closed to us. It is necessary to understand the problems that American Leftists have created in Negro music. The Leftists work on the theory that music is one of the strongest influences in the field of race relationship. In the long run it may not be stronger than other elements, but it has immediate action. Since the Negro musician is constantly before a white audience which may not have contact with other Negroes he stands as a representative of the race. If the Leftists can make use of this fact why can we not also do it? If more and more colored people become actively interested in serious music we can indeed look back over the last half century with pride, and look forward to the next with keen anticipation. We can be proud, yes, but not complacent."

. . . Ere I Had Told Ten Birthdays

By Theresa Hatsumi

Winner of the first prize, \$250.00, in an essay contest sponsored by the Cabrini Guild, for Catholic College Students.

To day it is raining, the room is quiet, and from the window I can see the distant mountains softly breathing in the fog. Tomorrow will bring the blue California sky back again, and the wind will play with the high sparkling waves. But now, between these passing moments of quietness, solitude, and the undying melody of sadness in the rain, I sit and think of my home far away in the Orient.

Why is it, I wonder, that when my thoughts roam to the land where I was born, it is not to the Japan which I left half a year ago, but to the days that are long since gone, and in my reveries I am a child once again.

Oh, to be once again lying upon the velvet green, listening to the gentle breeze sigh among the boughs, and to the doves cooing softly on the nearby temple tower; to gaze upon the profuse beauty of cherry blossoms in spring, with their clouds of pale pink showering at the slightest touch of wind. And to feel the last ray of sunshine in the pale blue above; to listen to the children sing on their way home the songs of evening and the setting sun.

To awake in June when day after day dawns on the silver gray sky, and to the quiet whisper of raindrops upon the roof; to see the willows wreathed in drizzling rain, the lotus flowers swaying in the pond, pebbles shining wet, and the green baby frogs leaping in the stream; to see once again the bright days of summer—the season of lantern festival, and folk dance under the moon, of the scent of incense floating in the dusk, bonfires burning to greet the ancestral spirit, and the monotonous melody of chants wavering up into the evening sky.

Autumn hills are covered with brocade of crimson maples and yellow maiden-hair trees beneath the deep azure of the sky and the dazzling white clouds sailing high above. In our garden chrysanthemums begin to bloom, and crickets sing "Mend your cloaks, winter is coming."

Slowly the year grows old, and the trees become bare. Charcoal begins to glow in the braziers, and the bended figures of old ladies gather around the fire to warm their wrinkled hands.

To my early years belonged the wind and the rain, sunshine, blue sky, mist of June and the falling leaves of autumn. It was a life of peace and tranquility, a life of grace and slow moving time. There in our garden with its green stretch of lawn, cool dark groves, tiny teahouse and the sparkling cascade running over the rocks, life flowed on.

Cut off almost completely from the outside world, the only play-

mates I had were my brothers and sisters. Together we made the camellia leis in spring, or sat beside the pond and watched the golden carp flash through the green depth below . . . or waited under the persimmon tree for my brothers to throw down the shining fruits until our baskets were full.

The echoes of laughter ring in my ears as I run through the long corridor of my ancestral home, under the high dark ceiling to the small tea-house over the stream. Once again I am playing with the dolls on the matted floor of my mother's room, beside her ebony writing desk, gold-lacquered calligraphy set, and the three-stringed lyre hanging on the wall.

Long reaching fingers of the afternoon sun play upon the painted slide doors; old cloisonné vases and carved ivory statues shine dimly on the dais. The air is still and quiet while my mother sits at her embroidery rack, working on black satin with gold and silver threads, and I watch the shapes of peonies and crane slowly appear under her dextrous fingers. Then again I see the graceful movements of my mother as she goes about the room, arranging irises in a celadan porcelain, or leafing through the volumes of ancient poems and philosophy. I can hear her low melodious voice pondering over a half formed verse, and see her beautiful calligraphy upon the opaque Chinese papers.

Together with my sister I helped her adorn the tables on the dolls' festival day—all our antique dolls have come out from their paulownia confinements to line in state upon the crimson carpet. Emperor on his throne, lords and ladies in court dresses, their tiny gold fans and silver swords shining in the flickering candle light; warriors in scarlet armor with bows and arrows on their back; musicians playing their flute, lyre, drum; white horses, paper framed lamps and tiny mandarine trees. It is the feast for the girls—an occasion for dressing up, parties, cakes and white wine.

In July comes the celebration of the stars. The only night in the year when the Herdsman crosses the Celestial River to meet the fair Weaving Maid. How we used to decorate the bamboo tree, with multicolored papers, straw balls and tiny bells!

New Year's festival—seven days of gaiety and merrymaking. Tables laden with food and sweet wine; pine trees and tangerines bedecked house-gates; streets swept clean, and servants going home in their fineries.

Thus the years came and went, each one bringing a little more wisdom and a little less dream. One by one my brothers went away to school, and my sisters left our home to join those of their husbands. The old house became even more vacant and spacious, with the scent of age and antiquity clinging in the dark corners.

I remember my father's study, austere and cold, with no sound but the quiet rustle of pen, stacks of old manuscripts reaching the

high ceiling; his immovable profile as he delved into ancient philosophy. We seldom dined together, and it was rare that he spoke to us. Every once in a while I would see his little stooped figure sauntering in the garden, now and then stopping to finger a dwarfed pine tree, or gaze at the wisteria hanging from the arbour. Or he would stop me in the hall and say, "Are you studying hard, my child?" and then "Good, good," to my invariable "Yes, father."

Indeed my education began to take up more and more of my time. Every morning I sat in my mother's room, with a book of Confucius on the desk, my voice faltering after each word, as she pointed them out one by one with a long ivory stick. And those afternoons spent in quiet warfare with my tutors—how I hated the long, tedious hours of brush writing, flower arrangement and tea-ceremony. I remember sitting demurely in the small tea-room with my teacher—a venerable old lady, listening to the water sizzling in the engraved iron pot, smelling the incense, and the bitter fragrance of thick green tea, all the time worrying that my feet would go to sleep.

"What is 97 times 143? In what dynasty was the land reform law established? Who were the three greatest poets in the Heian Period?" What did I care? It was much more fun to run outside and sit in the flower-bed, and listen to our old gardener's stories of Tongue-cut Sparrow and the Princess who was born in a bamboo tree, or watch him make a miniature garden with its tiny shrines, red round bridge and stream made of white shining sand.

Or to slip into the cellar, that was even more fun. I could spend endless hours playing with the time-honoured costumes, covered with embroideries. History came alive—while I gazed at the ancient swords shine cold and blue in the semi-darkness, or fondled in my hands the lacy combs and hairpins made of tortoise shell.

"Wait till we send you to school," my father said, slyly winking. "Then you will learn something."

Oh how I dreaded the day of horrible doom—to live with hundreds of children whom I have never seen, away from home, rooming with others, dining in community.

However much I feared and protested, the day came when my tutors were dismissed, and my education at home was over. One spring afternoon, I said goodbye to my father, and left our home. After an hour's drive our car glided through the white stone gate with its carving of the Sacred Heart, and wound its way under the flowering cherry blossoms, to the bronze dome towering above the woods.

A veiled figure came forward to greet us from the mysterious gloom of the convent parlour. "So this is the baby of your home. Don't worry, she will be happy here."

Gazing at the disappearing car, I felt the first pang of homesickness grip my heart. I felt as if a part of myself was going away from me. And in a way, it was true. It was my childhood that ended, "Ere I had told ten birthdays."

Alumnae Echoes

That our Alumnae are contributing vitally to Catholic Action, is brought home to us in "Vital Statistics" received, in recent weeks, concerning their contributions to world population. Reports include the following:

MR. AND MRS. RALPH BRUNEAU (Lois Connell) are blessed by the arrival of their first child, a daughter whom they have named Michele.

MR. AND MRS. RAYMOND C. APPEL (Maureen Trounce) welcomed their first born, a son, on December 23. His name is Raymond Stephen.

MR. AND MRS. DAVID HOLLAND (Marcella Malarky) are made happy by the arrival of their third, a sister for their boys. Her name is Mary Marcella. Marcella Sr. is now operating her own clinical laboratory in Van Nuys.

MR. AND MRS. WM. LINEBROOK (Mary Helen Emerson) announce the birth of a son, David.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE PRESTIDGE ELLINGTON (Ida Chapman) are the proud parents of a daughter, Vivian Carmen, born December 21.

Attractive groups of children on Christmas cards were received from MARGARET DONOVAN KELLY, LUCILLE McCULLOUGH JACOBS, JACKIE HANSEN THOMAS, PEGGY PERRY KEOGH and others.

MRS. GEORGE CORSIAK (Genevieve de Grood) is teaching for our Sisters at St. Johns School in Inglewood.

LOUISE POWERS was married in December to Mr. Peter Sherr.

ANNA MARIE PEUTZ is now Mrs. Laurence Ott.

FRANCES SHANNON, the third of her family to become a "Mount" alumna, was married at St. Elizabeth's Church, Altadena, to Mr. James Richard Joy, on January 7.

MARY PANSINI has announced her engagement to Prof. J. La Haye, of Fordham University. Mary accompanied Grace Stark on a recent visit to the "Mount," following which they took some of the Sisters to visit Daisy Sevilla, who is seriously ill. She would appreciate a remembrance in your prayers.

MR. AND MRS. STAFFORD (Peggy Hoyt) are now living at 539 23 St. Manhattan Beach. They have one daughter Janet Charlene.

MR. AND MRS. RALPH FRARY (Mary Sibillio) are living at 133 No. Locust St., Inglewood.

MRS. DOUGLAS THOMPSON (Zan Joyce) who lives in Whittier, reports that she sees Father Vaughan frequently, adding the comment, "He does not change."

KATHERINE WILLIAMS is now Mrs. Charles Schmialt Taylor.

MARGARET LONG AND MARGARET MILLER (Mrs. Hooks) are again roommates, this time in an apartment in Westwood. Since the death of her husband Margaret has supported her babies—twins—by working in her major field of social welfare. At present she is studying at U.C.L.A. for a graduate degree, keeping in touch with her family at weekends. Margaret Long is employed at St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, as a lab. technician.

PAULINE CHANG is completing her internship in Medical Technology, at the veterans' hospital, Sawtelle. Pauline expects to be eligible for the State examination in August.

MARY OLIVE BUNCE SCHWARTZ is planning a visit to California, when she hopes to show "The Mount" to her "two lovely children." No doubt she also wishes to show her children to "The Mount".

KATHLEEN REGAN has been notified of her success in both the State Board and National examinations for Medical Technologists. Her formal title now is Kathleen Regan. B. S., M. T., A. S. C. P.!

MRS. HAROLD PFOST, Edelyn Ewell, and little son, with MRS. BRYAN DOHERTY (Mercedes Mahoney) paid a flying visit to the college. Mercedes at present is living in St. Louis.

JANE SAGE ADAMS has to satisfy Dickie's paternal and maternal grandparents by widely separated visits; to the Adams in Detroit; to the Sages in Honolulu.

The college owes a debt of deep gratitude to MRS. EDWARD L. DOHENY for her valuable gift to the library, of the Book of Kells, in a photographic facsimile of the rarest and most beautiful Christian illuminated manuscript which dates back to the 7th century. This and the Polyglot Bible, also Mrs. Doheny's gift, are the two most valuable possessions of our library.

MRS. JACK SCANLON (Kay Trounce) reports that she and Jack, with Deirdra, Gail, and Johnnie are very happily located in their own new home at La Jolla.